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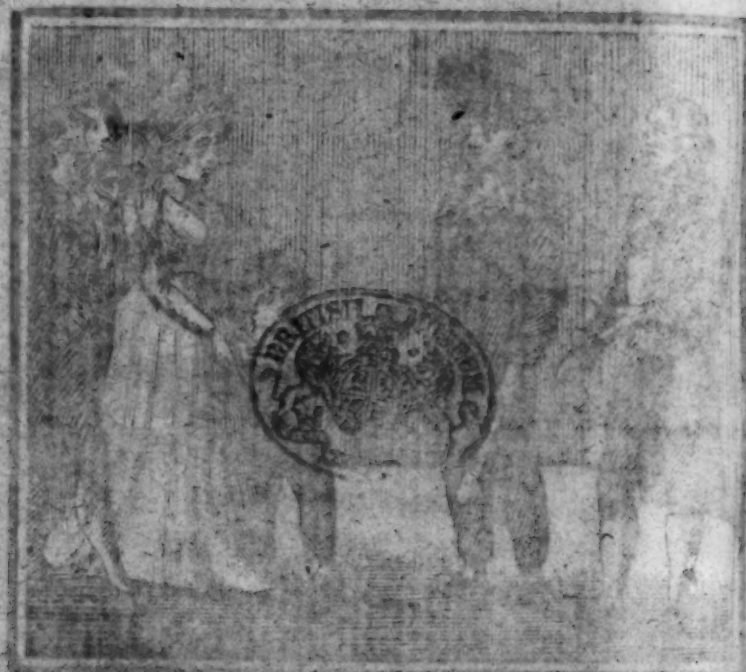
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[Printed at Stationers' Hall]

The Mistaken Evil, &c.

PRESUMPTUOUS mortals! to repine,
 Who know the Giver is divine,
 Whate'er the gift may be;
 All around is noon-day proof,
 No less in age than early youth,
 Of such impiety.

Or, wonderful! each hour we dare,
 Address to God a fervent prayer,
 That we some wish may gain;
 Then God in mercy on our head,
 Pours down a blessing in the stead
 Of what would be our bane.

When since we ever blindly ask,
 Why is submission such a task.
 To his Almighty will?
 Where power we see is infinite,
 Whose loving kindness is so great,
 He guards us from all ill.

God sends not ill; 'tis we create
 The wretchedness of our estate
 By folly, rashness, pride;
 Whilst reason tries to lead us right,
 Religion with her heavenly light
 Wou'd be our glorious guide.

But 'midst the instances we find,
 How few strike home upon the mind,
 How few from being rare
 Can awe us into due belief,
 That God himself works our relief
 From suffering, from despair.

An instance let us forward bring,
 Whence men may learn to draw the sting
 From each calamity;
 By noting what to-day we deem
 An evil, is to-morrow seen
 A saving remedy.

A Farmer young, yet with his wife
 For several years a happy life,
 Except one wish deny'd,
 Had passed; for lo! no child had they,
 Whence infant prattle, infant play
 By them was unenjoy'd.

Prosperity began to wane,
 Their herds, their flocks, that graz'd the plain
 Were visibly decreas'd;
 Their barns were thinn'd, their harvest poor,
 The smiles of Plenty at their door
 All on a sudden ceas'd.

Their landlord came to ask his rent,
 And on non-payment fully bent,
 To take what there remain'd;
 Afflicting period! this to know,
 Besides what they must undergo,
 'They had a child obtain'd.

Alas! the mother weeping said,
 With what a drooping heart and head
 Shall I my offspring greet;
 Had Providence but sooner giv'n,
 The blessing I oft ask'd of heav'n,
 The blessing had been sweet.

For then its cradle soft had been,
 My bosom tranquil and serene,
 Whereas I must lament,
 With tears the hour that it is born,
 To poverty, the rich man's scorn,
 Oh cruel, sad event!

Depriv'd of house, of home, of friends,
 Of all that joyful scenes attends,
 Behold they had a son,
 The father's discontent ran high,
 The mother wish'd her child might die,
 Since they were both undone.

The child, amazing! grew so fast,
 He every other child surpass'd
 Within the neighbourhood;
 His limbs gigantic, features large,
 Ah, what a melancholy charge,
 What then could bring them good!

At length a man of some repute
 For knowledge, bade them straight be mute,
 For lo! this child, he cry'd,
 May for a wonder soon be shown,
 And day by day still larger grown,
 Your wants will be supply'd.

They were advis'd, and numbers came,
 Paid down their money to obtain
 Admission to behold
 The mighty child, so tall, so strong,
 At scarce four years he was become,
 His fame they loudly told.

Thus from the evil, from the grief
 Sprang forth the good, sprang the relief,
 Of this afflicted pair;
 And having gain'd the needful sum,
 A farm to stock, to pay each dun,
 Adieu to deep despair.

Now being happily restor'd,
 To what they heavily deplor'd,
 When plac'd beyond their reach,
 A work began within their breast,
 Of pious gratitude the test,
 Which others serves to teach.

Behold us bounteous Lord! they cry'd,
 Who with impatience did abide
 Thy holy blessed will;
 By grace, by favour here again,
 In plenty plac'd, and shall thy name
 Our bosoms fail to fill.

With praise, with adoration due,
 No; we to heav'n, to earth will true
 Become, and tell around,
 What thou hast done for us, who poor,
 To look up never thought once more,
 Much less to thus abound.

All those, who paid to see the sight
 Of this young child, heard with delight,
 The grateful praise they sung;
 For far and wide the story went,
 That from the soil of discontent
 Their piety had sprung.

But their great gladness to encrease,
 To bid their wonder never cease,
 The architect divine
 Check'd, stopp'd the growth of their young son,
 Yet slow, so slow the work was done
 'Twas unmark'd for a time.

His features narrow'd, body less
 And less appear'd, till in distress,
 Lest death should close his eyes,
 His friends were thrown, for though still tall,
 Still large he was, yet one and all
 Pronounc'd him within size.

When to commemorate the fact,
 Commemorate the signal act
 Of God's high will and pleasure;
 Wax his form at ten years old
 Was taken; and, as we are told,
 E'en now is deem'd a treasure.

But let it here be well observ'd,
 Though thousands, millions are preserv'd,
 By marvellous effect;
 Oft lesser agents are employ'd,
 Oft so minute, without a guide
 We cannot them detect.

With pious care then let us scan,
 Those chances which most favour man,
 Nor doubt but first or last;
 We plainly, strikingly shall read
 'Twas God himself that in their need
 Brought them through evils past.

T H E E N D.

